

WOMAN IS TAKEN TO UPSTATE CITY IN "DANDY PHIL" CASE

Miss Ruth Smith of Brooklyn Expected to Testify as to "Bucketing."

SHE IN JAIL ALL NIGHT.

Is Daughter of Captain of Marine Division of Fire Department.

Miss Ruth Smith, twenty-five, daughter of Capt. John Smith of the Marine Division of the Fire Department, was taken from Brooklyn to Amsterdam, N. Y., to-day by Detective Robert Brattano to be arraigned before County Judge Heides charged with grand larceny in connection with the affairs of Dillon & Co., stockbrokers. Miss Smith was the secretary of "Dandy Phil" Kaster, the reputed backer of the firm. She was arrested last night at her home, No. 437 Third Street, Brooklyn, by Chief of Police Hartigan of Ponds, and Detective Gratiano of Brooklyn. Her father and a man said to be her fiancé accompanied her to the Brooklyn Police Headquarters and tried to obtain her release, but failed and she was locked up for the night.

Miss Smith and four others were indicted in Montgomery County on evidence it was said had failed to bring about results when submitted to the New York District Attorney's office almost a year ago. The others are being sought here to-day and are said to include Kaster.

The complaint on which the indictments were made by Judge Shaul, a justice of the peace of Amsterdam, N. Y., who said he gave an order to Dillon & Co. for the purchase of 100 shares of United Drug stock at \$55.50 and sent a check for the full amount, including commission, \$5,565. He said he was unable to get the stock or money and on Oct. 1, 1921, made a complaint of grand larceny to the New York District Attorney's office and also testified before the grand jury.

Nothing was done and finally he got back the cancelled check and other documentary evidence from the present District Attorney, who at first could find no record of the indictment. To gain jurisdiction, the Montgomery authorities were compelled to take their case on a technicality. If they are successful in getting a conviction it will be an effective remedy in similar cases. It appears to be their contention that it was the intention of the defendants to steal Shaul's money, and that such intent was actually executed there when the Amsterdam Bank paid over the money on his check.

WANTS SPECIAL JURY FOR SOUTHAMPTON WILL

Mr. Stimson Says Estate Is \$1,300,000, Not \$2,000,000.

Henry L. Stimson, as trial counsel for the executors of the contested will of Miss Emily Southampt, to-day made application to Surrogate Foley for a "special" jury to be selected for the forthcoming trial. Miss Southampt left the bulk of her large estate to local charities.

Mr. Stimson declared that the value of the Southampt estate has been greatly exaggerated and that instead of being \$2,000,000 the value is but \$1,300,000.

Miss Southampt's relatives who have instituted the will contest allege that their kinswoman was of unsound mind and unduly influenced when she executed the document.

Decision on the application was reserved by the court.

AUTOIST RUNS OVER COP, SPEEDS ON TO SAFETY

Donlon of Lynbrook Police Had Given Signal to Stop.

An unidentified motorist, who did not stop after the accident, ran down Patrolman Edward S. Donlon, of the Lynbrook Police, early to-day on the Merrick Road at the five corners when Donlon tried to signal him to stop because of reckless driving. Donlon was knocked unconscious.

Before losing consciousness Donlon saw his police whistle and two other policemen picked him up. He was revived by Dr. Jacques and went to his home after treatment for contusions and lacerations.

WOMAN WHO GOES UPSTATE TO TELL OF "BUCKETING"



BABY KIDNAPPED FROM CARRIAGE BY WOMAN IN HARLEM

Mother Emerges From 125th Street Store to Find Child Stolen.

Search which police and many others made all last night and this morning for the three-months-old baby of Mrs. Julius Voth, stolen from in front of a five and ten cent store in West 125th Street yesterday afternoon, has as yet proved fruitless. Mrs. Voth is prostrated in her home, No. 207 West 118th Street. She said to-day, "I feel that I shall die if my baby is not brought back to me."

She does not believe that the baby has been taken with any idea of a later demand for ransom. "We are too poor, my husband and I, for that. Some one who has no child of her own has become fascinated by my little baby and taken her. That's what I believe. I don't think she will be ill-treated; she was too dear for that. But I will forgive whoever has done this to us if the baby is only brought back."

Mildred, the missing baby, is the only child of the Voths. The mother had Mildred in her carriage while she made purchases. When she came out of a store at No. 256 she found a tall, well-dressed woman playing with the baby.

"Good baby, isn't she?" asked the woman.

"Yes, she hardly ever cries," proudly replied Mrs. Voth as she pushed the carriage on to a store at No. 208. Leaving the baby outside Mrs. Voth went in. Ten minutes later she returned to find the baby and carriage gone.

She ran screaming up and down the street in her excitement, then went to the West 123d Street Station and reported the case. Detectives could find no one who saw little Mildred being pushed away in her carriage.

The baby weighs about fifteen and a half pounds and has blue eyes, black hair and rather prominent ears. There was a small scratch on the left cheek. The baby was dressed in white with pink ribbons on cap and dress and was covered with a blue blanket. The carriage was ivory white, red, well worn.

PANTOMIME



"SOME ROMANCE," MISS LAVOY WROTE CREASY OF AFFAIR

Defense at Murder Trial Presents More Letters in "Correspondence Club" Tragedy.

Seventy letters from Edith Lavozy, Freeport school teacher, to William M. Creasy, Kentucky mechanic, charged with her murder June 23, were introduced by the defense here to-day when the trial resumed before County Judge Smith. Their correspondence, according to Creasy's attorney, Henry A. Uterhart, begun through a correspondence club, included 100 more communications which, it is expected, will be placed in evidence later on.

Miss Lavozy was pictured as a breaker of masculine hearts when Uterhart introduced letters exposing a new allegedly suitor for the pretty school teacher's hand. This makes the fourth. Letters read spoke of the fourth man only as "Leslie," and declared Miss Lavozy had turned down both "Leslie" and "Dan" for "My one and only love," Creasy.

A letter dated May 4 begins, "My Dearest and Only" and concludes, "Yours until the moon runs out of oil."

"Some romance," is the epithet applied by Miss Lavozy in these letters to her relations with Creasy. Jan. 31, 1921, she wrote Creasy in part as follows:

"Billie, this sure has been some romance. The next time we meet we have to plan our story (of the romance). You think of titles and so will I, just for fun. Ah, ha, here are a few I happened to think of. Take your pick: '1—My Kentucky Sweetheart,' '2—What Is to Be Is Bound to Be,' '3—Sweetheart When Near and Far,' '4—Kentucky Dreams,' '5—Billie's and Edy's Romance,' '6—Oceans of Love.'"

"Life just seems empty without you," she wrote Jan. 17, 1921. Her letter of that date reads:

"Billie, I have never been so lonely for any one in my life. I know this is the only time I have ever really and truly loved any one. As for being your wife, darling boy, it stands this way: If we love each other the time we meet as we did to-day, my answer will be—'Please do not think for a minute, darling boy, I want to put you off, for such is far from being the case. Billie dear, I hope you will be able to come again real soon for life just seems empty without you.'"

"I have so many friends, but only one (underscored) sweetheart—you know."

"Now darling boy, I have emptied my heart and told you for the first time, I believe, my true feelings."

"By the way, the primroses are doing lovely. Am sending a little blossom which has been kissed many times by me. It is covered with sweet, pure love. The plant is lovely and I can fairly see it grow."

"Your true blue Edy."

An extract from a letter dated May 1, 1921, read as follows:

"Hoping you are not as lonely as I and with all my love and kisses in cold storage for you till we meet."

The date of June 12 she wrote "To my dearest and only."

"Billie, dear, this note will be rather short but sincere and prompted only by my heart. As you know, Billie dear, I have always had many suitors, but none of them seemed to measure up to my ideal sort of man, but you seem to be more of my ideal. Billie, and I know you are, I have never missed any one as I have you and I have at all times been true blue to you, regardless."

"If we later decide we are meant for each other, I hope I shall be the same kind of a wife and mother as I know you will be to me and to father to our children if we have any. I only hope and pray whoever I marry, I will make happy and that our life together will be everything married life should be and that we shall share all troubles and trials together."

"I'd rather die than be unhappy. True love is its own foundation, dear, darling boy."

"We are certainly now going through our most severe test, which is the last thing on earth for us. But it is such a hard one. Here's hoping we have just enough clouds in our romance to cause a grand and glorious sunset. Billie, I love you. What more could I say? Longing to be loved by one, only one, I am yours who never forgets you."

HOTEL HOLDS TRUNK WITH LAST WILL IN IT

Refuse to Open It Until Deceased's Debt Is Paid.

A hearing will be held to-morrow in Surrogate's Court on the application of Ida N. Wright, who lives at the Hotel Endicott, for an order directing the management of the Endicott to open a trunk and produce the will of Outburt W. Wright.

The Loozams Can Ride Now In a 'What Did You See' Ford



Mrs. Loozam Won Evening World Prize—and They the Only Loozams or Kellys Who Didn't Have a Car.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly Loozam of No. 335 55th Street, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, answered the ring at her doorbell to-day when a representative of The Evening World called to announce to her the name of the latest winner of a Ford car in the day's contributions of readers to the "What Did You See To-day?" page.

"Are you Mrs. Loozam?" the young man asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"I'm from The Evening World," the young man announced, and Mrs. Loozam's eyes opened wider. "You've won a Ford car," he continued mercifully.

Mrs. Loozam took a step backward, putting a hand to her breast. Then a look of disbelief came into her eyes. Then a look of caution.

"I'll bite," she said, thinking probably of practical jokes. "What's the answer?"

"The answer," said the young man, who is a serious lad whose father came from Kerry—"the answer is that you have won a Ford for your story on the 'What Did You See To-day?' page."

The embly's serious mien evidently carried a message of sincerity, for Mrs. Loozam took a chance and invited him into the house.

"You're not kidding me?" she inquired half anxiously.

She was assured she was not being kidded, not this time, anyway. Just then a footstep was heard in the hall.

"Oh, Ed!" cried Mrs. Loozam. "Come here!"

Ed came in and was told the great news, and with a whoop Ed caught Mrs. Loozam in his arms, kissed her and exclaimed:

"Three cheers for you, kiddo! I knew you'd bring home the bacon!"

Then Ed gave her another reward right smack. Bang on the lips.

Mrs. Loozam took a long breath. "Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Then gathering herself together: 'This is the first thing I've ever won in my life. And I'd been wanting it too. Of all the Kellys and the Loozams we're the only ones who haven't had a car, and now we've got one too.'"

"Now we can take your mother out driving, Ed," continued Mrs. Loozam. "You see, Mr. Loozam's mother lives in Fordham. She has been ill and it's been hard to take the trip on account of the children—we have two of them—but now we can go often, and when she gets a little better we can take her driving."

"And I won it the first time I tried! Oh, thank The Evening World for me, and tell them I'm going to keep on writing. I might need some accessories!"

Here is the Ford winning contribution: "Now we can take your mother out driving, Ed," continued Mrs. Loozam. "You see, Mr. Loozam's mother lives in Fordham. She has been ill and it's been hard to take the trip on account of the children—we have two of them—but now we can go often, and when she gets a little better we can take her driving."

REJECTED SUITOR DRUGS FAMILY; STEALS \$2,703

Snatches a Bag Containing Girl's Savings From Her Neck and Flees.

An unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Esther Blejan, a maid at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, passed around an innocent-looking bottle of grape juice last night at her home, No. 265 West 25th Street, and when the young woman, a friend with whom she lived and the latter's five-year-old son were helpless from the effect of the contents of the bottle, snatched \$2,703 which Esther kept in her waist and fled.

The child, Michael Doroshinski, is in Bellevue Hospital. His mother, Mrs. Joseph Doroshinski, was still unconscious when Michael was taken to the hospital. Esther was merely dazed and did not entirely lose consciousness.

She knows the young man only as Steve.

He began calling on her a few weeks ago, and has been importunate in his demand that she marry him, she says, ever since she confided to him that she had saved \$2,703.

When his suit had been repulsed finally a few days ago, Esther said, he begged permission to call once more and she set last night as the time.

With something of a flourish he drew out the bottle which he said contained grape juice and passed it around.

Michael slumped down in his chair unmolested as Mrs. Doroshinski and Esther took their turns. Then Mrs. Doroshinski fell back, feeling suddenly giddy, tried to scream, but could not. She was unable even to move when she saw Steve advance and pull the money bag from his hiding place.

KIDDIES REVOLT IN BRONX; LOOKS AS IF THEY WIN

"For Sale" Sign on Playgrounds Disappears as "Ghosts" Get Busy.

There's a young rebellion brewing in the Bronx and everyone is in sympathy with the rebels.

The storm of discontent centers about a vacant lot in Morris Avenue, between 168th and 169th Streets. The lot adjoins the double fire house of Engine Company No. 29 and Truck No. 44. The lot has had a triple purpose in the past few months, since neighbors and their children, headed by Capt. Sullivan of the truck company, leveled the mounds that made it useless.

Now its flat surface stretches out in a span that's just big enough for the "Morris Avenue" Neighborhood Baseball Nine that plays on Sundays and Saturday afternoons. The youthful ball players have uniforms and everything, all paid for by the neighbors.

It was Capt. Sullivan who conceived the idea of using the site for other purposes than a romping field for boys and Nello, the fire mascot, when frost stops the kiddies from playing baseball. Capt. Sullivan intends flooding it for a winter skating pond. John Pouch of No. 1271 Morris Avenue and Neighbors Bulldog and Hass agreed with Capt. Sullivan, and the news pleased the boys and girls of the block.

Every one pitched in. The holes that marred the field soon disappeared and all the way down the foul line back of first and third bases cinders and clay, carted by cheerful volunteers, filled the field till it was smooth as glass. Then the kiddies set back, longing for frost.

They awoke Monday morning to see the handiwork that crushed their fond hopes. It was in the form of a sign that was planted right in the center of their cherished playground and the "For Sale" that greeted them caused a chill greater than the expected frost.

There was a conference among the kiddies and Monday night mothers denounced the loss of pillow slips and sheets. Tuesday morning there was no sign on the lot and some frightened neighbors gathered to discuss the "ghosts" that had been seen flitting about the playground. Up went the sign again, and Tuesday night started forms again stole into the lot. In a few moments there was a still alarm that brought the firemen from the adjoining firehouse, not however, before the entire sign post had been destroyed.

Now the lot is clear again and the kiddies vow that their labors to make the lot attractive will not have been in vain if the "committees" have to pose up its home work altogether to keep the signs down.

utes later that the mother, a stout woman, made her appearance, her arms filled with bundles. The taxi-driver shifted the baby to his left arm, opened the door, helped the woman in, passed her the baby, closed the door, took his seat and drove away. The license number of the car is 688-395 N. Y.

Two homicide cases before Judge Johnstone in the Court of General Sessions to-day were attributed to the maddening effect of the bad whiskey now flooding the market.

One of the defendants, drunk, had beaten his common-law wife to death with an alarm clock. The other, drunk, shot a man in a quarrel over a slice of watermelon.

Leo Durnherr, thirty-one, of Rochester, son of a banker, killed his common-law wife, Dorothy Dower, in the Hotel Francis, No. 112 West 46th Street, on Aug. 6. He was indicted for murder, but was permitted to plead guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. He was up for sentence to-day and his counsel, pleading for leniency, said it was a plain case of a man of a previously excellent reputation and standing being ruined by bad whiskey. Durnherr was sentenced to Sing Sing for ten to twenty years.

The other defendant, Gaetano Russo, No. 2040 First Avenue, indicted for the murder of Joseph Milano, No. 329 East 157th Street, was also permitted to plead guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. He bought a slice of watermelon from Milano on July 9, disliked the taste of it, and shot Milano dead. He will be sentenced Oct. 5.

TWO WEEKS-OLD BABY ABANDONED.

Police are searching for a woman who said she was Mrs. Mary E. Rogers of St. Paul Valley, Okla., and who disappeared last Friday from her room in the apartment of Mrs. Catherine Benet, No. 213 West 158th Street, leaving a two-week-old baby boy, about two weeks old, named Edward, until police called an ambulance was called and the child was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

BECOMES BRIDE OF GEORGE H. MORY AT ST. THOMAS'S



Reception at Plaza Follows Wedding of Miss Dorothy Hubbard to Wisconsin Man.

Miss Dorothy Hubbard, daughter of Mrs. John E. Hubbard of this city, was married to Mr. George H. Mory, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mory of Appleton, Wis., last night in the chantry of St. Thomas's Church by the Rev. Floyd Leach, associate rector. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives and friends and was followed by an informal reception at the Plaza. The bride's attendants were Mrs. Howard B. Carpenter and Mrs. Arthur E. Mory. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Arthur E. Mory, was best man.

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Crews Row Swiftly in Broadway, Nymphs Cavort Atop the Subway

They Use Matchstick Oars, and Trip Along on Green Legs—In Columbia Hazing.

Their trousers rolled to the knees to display their green-painted legs, their faces blackened, their coats turned inside out, 600 freshmen of Columbia's Class of 1923 were to-day initiated by the university's 350 sophomores while the juniors and seniors and a great crowd lined Broadway at 116th Street to watch the antics.

The sophomores were organized in squads and as soon as a freshman appeared in his little black cap with its white button atop, he was grabbed and "put through." There were wheelbarrow races down Broadway and other freshmen were made to occupy themselves pushing pennies along the sidewalk with their noses. In the parking between Broadway's roadways "crews" of fifty or more were organized. They sat in regulation position and, provided with matches, were compelled to row sprints while the sophomore coxswains called the stroke.

Many of the freshmen were marched toward the North River, as if to be pushed overboard, but instead were bundled into taxis whose chauffeurs were ordered to "take 'em somewhere downtown and turn 'em loose." The freshmen thus served, as well as those put aboard trolley cars, were glad enough to escape the soph.

The initiation was interspersed with Greek dances by the freshmen, whose postures and leaping brought roars of laughter from the crowd. One result of the morning's peasantries was that many freshmen were late for their opening classes.

Another passenger was Mrs. A. B. Spreckels of San Francisco, who had been in Europe collecting war and other art trophies for the Palace of the Legion of Honor and who was in her car as a memento to its men who fell in the World War. She said she had obtained the uniform and sword Marshal Joffre wore at the Battle of the Marne, some lace from the Queen of Roumania given to the latter by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and gold from the Russian Revolution. She herself had made the Crown Princess of Greece gave her a collection of vases.

Louis W. Hill, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Great Northern, with Mrs. Hill, their two sons and daughter, returned after two weeks of motoring about Europe. He said the farmers were working industriously and the Middle Western farmer might work to better advantage if he could obtain credit on his crops as was being given to the farmers of Europe.

D. F. McSweeney, manager of John McCormack, the tenor, said the singer was progressing very well in his illness but would not go on tour this season, confining himself to singing for reproduction records.

Other passengers on the Homeric were Assistant District Attorney and Mrs. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, Dorothy Porter, son-in-law and Simon Guggenheim, President of the American Smelting and Refining Company.

MURDER HOOD LED TO THE KILLING OF TWO PERSONS

Banker's Son Gets 10 to 20 Years for Slaying Common-Law Wife.

Two homicide cases before Judge Johnstone in the Court of General Sessions to-day were attributed to the maddening effect of the bad whiskey now flooding the market.

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DEATHS OF KIDDIES ON STREETS SHOW PLAYGROUND NEED

Request for \$15,000 to Equip Manhattan Recreation Sites Cut to \$4,500.

Although a number of streets were set aside by Mayor Hylan's Administration for children to play on, yet because of the inadequate number of regular playgrounds the list of deaths of children forced to play on the streets is steadily increasing.

Statistics of the Chief Medical Examiner's office show that last year 102 boys and girls thirteen years of age or under were killed by automobiles or automobiles trucks and that this year, up to the end of August, nearly 800 children thirteen years of age or under have been killed on the streets.

FREMSTEAD TO SELL OPERA WARDROBE, 12 CLOSETS FULL

Singer Will Also Convert Property Into Cash to "Have a Good Time."

A slack bolt of the Homerle's port engine broke, off Nantucket, necessitating an hour's slow down for repairs, so the White Star liner was that much late in reaching this port to-day.

She came in with 1,069 passengers, 467 in her first cabin. Among them was Olive Fremstead, the opera singer, with her nephew, Malcolm Oliver Petrie, and Miss Anne Verplanck of White Plains, a protegee, of whom she predicts great things on the operatic stage.

Mme. Fremstead said that she had determined to become quite foot-loose, and to accomplish that had decided to dispose of all her operatic costumes—twelve closets full of them she said she had—her sabbie coat, her real estate, everything of great value she possessed.

"I shall put the money into securities," she added, "because I'm too old to bother about such possessions. I want to feel free to go and come as I wish, without encumbrances."

She said that she had failed to report to the police in the little village near Munich where she went for a rest and was fined 1,500 marks and had to leave after a week. "And I sang for three years in the Munich Opera House once upon a time," she went on with a wry smile. In this village, she said, she had had a wonderful time feeding the peasants, the babies and the cats. "I walked four miles to get supplies and I did all the cooking of the four or five villages to the needy village folk."

Dr. John Riegelman, Medical Examiner, returned on the Homeric after three months abroad. Dr. Corbett said that most of the people in Continental Europe were wearing celluloid collars because it cost 5 cents to have a linen one washed.

Another passenger was Mrs. A. B. Spreckels of San Francisco, who had been in Europe collecting war and other art trophies for the Palace of the Legion of Honor and who was in her car as a memento to its men who fell in the World War. She said she had obtained the uniform and sword Marshal Joffre wore at the Battle of the Marne, some lace from the Queen of Roumania given to the latter by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and gold from the Russian Revolution. She herself had made the Crown Princess of Greece gave her a collection of vases.

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POLICE CAPTURE WOMAN BY TRAILING HUSBAND

Declare They Have Record of Her Under Twelve Aliases.

A year's search by the police for Mrs. Rose Trop, thirty-five, alleged to have stolen \$200 worth of dresses from the modiste shop of Mrs. Rose Prager, No. 700 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, last year, ended yesterday with her arraignment on a grand larceny charge before Magistrate Steers in the Flatbush Police Court. She was held under \$1,500 bail for examination October 5.

The police declare that Mrs. Trop is known to them under twelve aliases and has been arrested on six times in the United States and Europe.

Her husband Joseph Trop, arrived from Germany yesterday, and by following him to a house in East 15th Street, Brooklyn, the arrest was accomplished.

ELOPES AT AGE OF 77 WITH SWEETHEART, 60

Former Mayor of Atlanta Gives Daughter the Slip.